

# El Scorcho

## Dashboard Confessional

Goddamn you half-Japanese girls,  
Do it to me every time.  
Oh, the redhead said you shred the cello,  
And I'm jello, baby.  
But you won't talk, won't look, won't think of me.  
I'm the epitome,  
Of Public Enemy.  
Why you wanna go and do me like that?  
Come down on the street and dance with me. I'm a lot like you so please.  
Hello, I'm here, I'm waiting.  
I think I'd be good for you,  
And you'd be good for me. I asked you to go to the Green Day concert.  
You said you never heard of them.  
How cool is that?  
So I went to your room and read your diary.  
"Watching grunge leg drop New Jack through a press table."  
And then my heart stopped:  
"Listening to Cho Cho San 'fall in love all over again'." I'm a lot like you so please.  
Hello, I'm here, I'm waiting.  
I think I'd be good for you,  
And you'd be good for me. How stupid is it?  
I can't talk about it.  
I gotta sing about it,  
And make a record of my heart.  
How stupid is it?  
Won't you gimme a minute?  
Just come up to me,  
And say hello to my heart.  
How stupid is it?  
For all I know you want me too.  
Or maybe you just don't know what to do.  
And maybe you're scared to say,  
"I'm falling for you." I wish I could get my head outta the sand,  
'Cause I think we'd make a good team.  
And you would keep my fingernails clean.  
But that's just a stupid dream that I won't realize,  
'Cause I can't even look in your eyes without shakin'.  
And I ain't fakin'.  
I'll bring home the turkey if you bring home the bacon. I'm a lot like you so please.

Hello, I'm here, I'm waiting.  
I think I'd be good for you,  
And you'd be good for me. I'm a lot like you.  
I'm a lot like you.  
I'm waiting.  
I think I'd be good for you,  
And you'd be good for me.

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